



The
Saddam & Armitage
Show



THE SADDAM & ARMITAGE SHOW started on the internet. After the capture of Saddam Hussein, some smart asses on Punkplanet.com's message board were commenting on news reports that Pres. Hussein was reported to be arrogant, sarcastic, and acting superior toward his American captors. So in response to that report, I started scripting what I imagined the interrogations to be like. So that is what these are, illustrated transcripts of imagined interactions between the imprisoned Pres. Hussein and Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage.

Why Richard Armitage? Well, simply put, fucking look at him! He looks like a professional wrestler turned action hero. Who better to be conducting the interviews with Pres. Hussein than this barrel chested, shaved head, big cuddly teddy bear of the Bush Administration? I could think of no one better.

I hope you can see the humor in this short zine and manage to enjoy it.

R. John Xerxes
Love Bunni Press
Cleveland Heights, June 2004

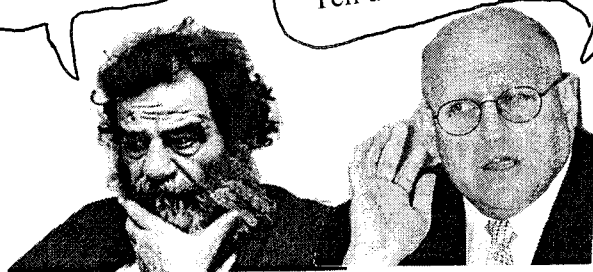


Yes Yes stupid american pigdog.

Tell us where the WMD are.

You have hose maybe
to beat Saddam first?

Quit fucking around you,
Butcher of Baghdad, you!



No. Saddam kid. Saddam kid. I show you.
But first...you have Prince Albert in a can?

ZOINKS!



We'll find the terrorist links, you know.

فلم قال غا ولا ي عسرت اي بيل
الصدر وتعرض تعويضاً



Dammit, you, speak ENGLISH!

Allow Saddam to translate...



Not so much, Saddam said,
"You said BUSH ADMINSTRATION
and the survey says....
DING DING DING 83%"

Zoinks!



Why is bag over
Saddam's head?

To disorient you.

Fool, I know Saddam
is standing on a box.

Yes, but do you know what those wires
are that we've attached
to your hands?



It is bomb.
Surrender,
American Pig Dog!

ZOINKS!



GUEST
CARICON BY
STEED USNY.

Wakey Wakey! Rise and Shine Saddam.
Saddam, the Red Cross is here to visit.
They want to make sure we are not abusing you.

I don't wanna.



Come on Saddam, just put some
pants on. It will only take a minute and then
you can go right back to
sleep, I promise

Bring me a cookie!



Good morning, Saddam.

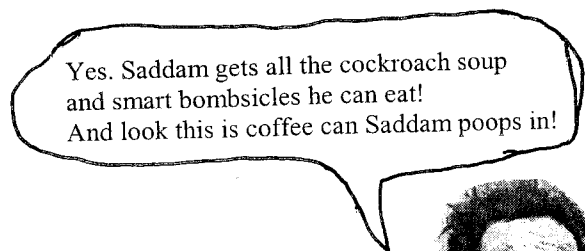
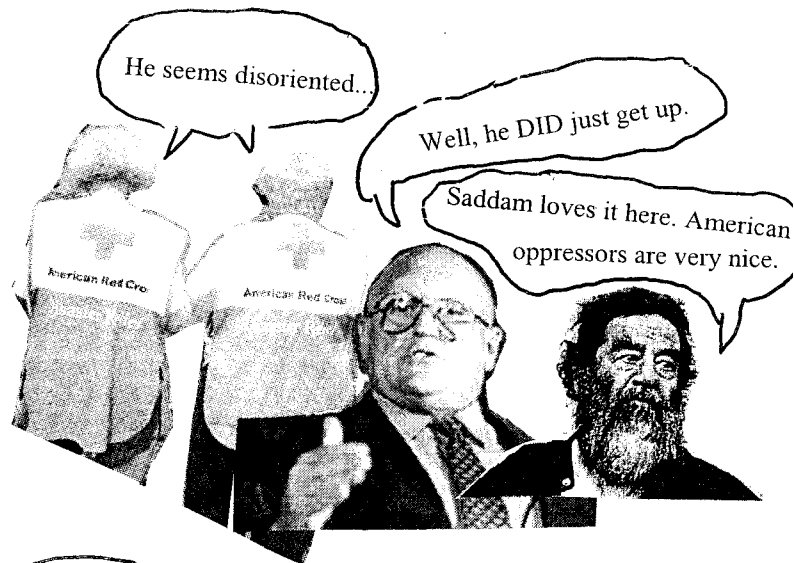
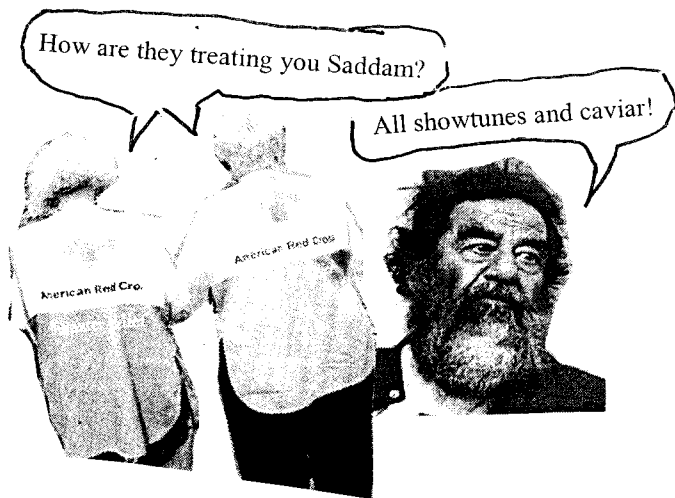
Is the sexy american girl here to
point at Saddam's genitals? Please
don't beat Saddam anymore!

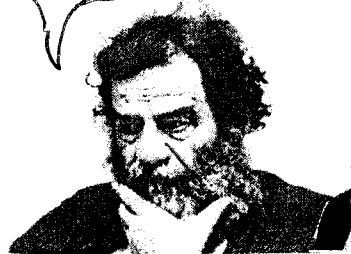


Saddam! Are they abusing you?


No. No. I kid. I kid.



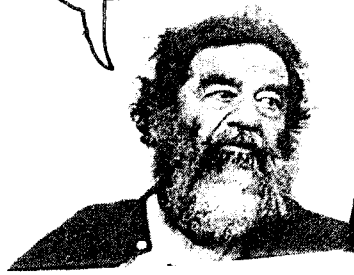




Hey Mr. Capitalist!



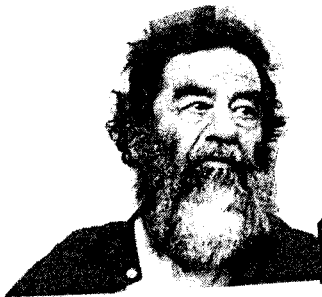
What is it now?




I hear Mr. Reagan, he dead.




Yes.




Sad day in America?
Reality TV maybe postponed?



Don't you start
with me today, you...



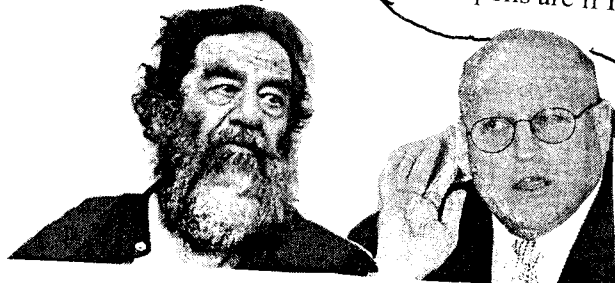
No. No. Saddam like Mr. Reagan very much.
He say to me, "Saddam, you need to kill Iranians."
I like that very much.



What? What are you
blithering about.

We, Iraqis, we have nickname for Mr. Reagan,
the american warrior, friend of Iraq.
You want to know what we call Friend Mr. Reagan?

Will you tell me where the
weapons are if I say yes?



We call Mr. Reagan - President McReagan.

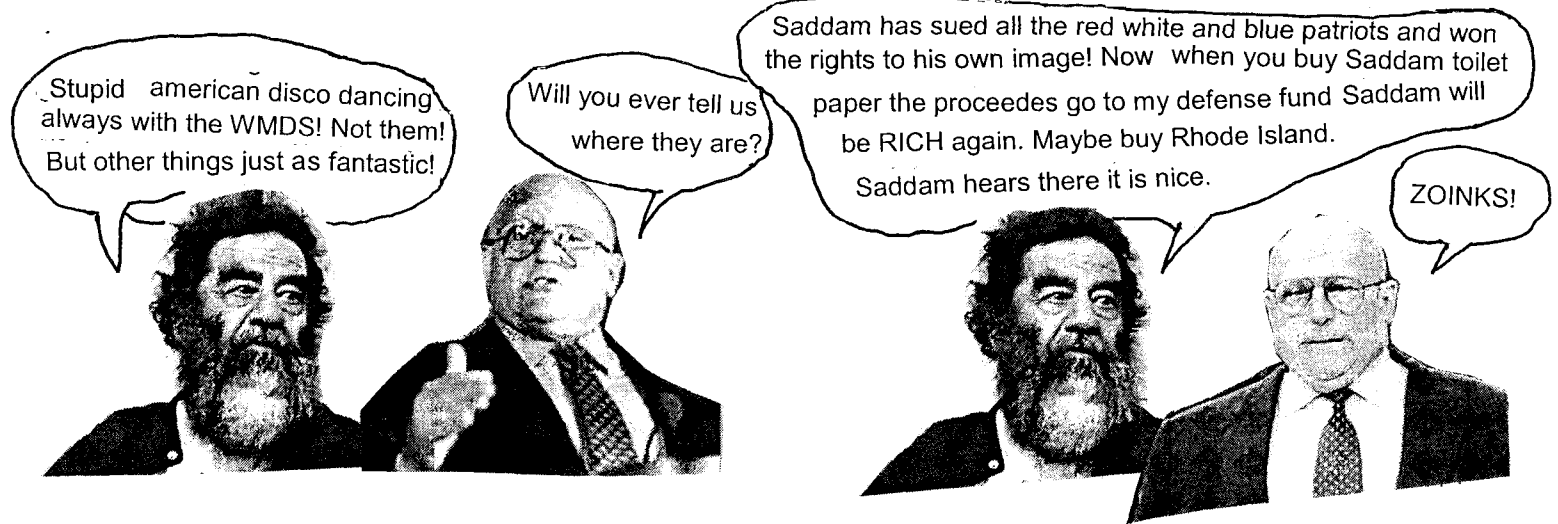
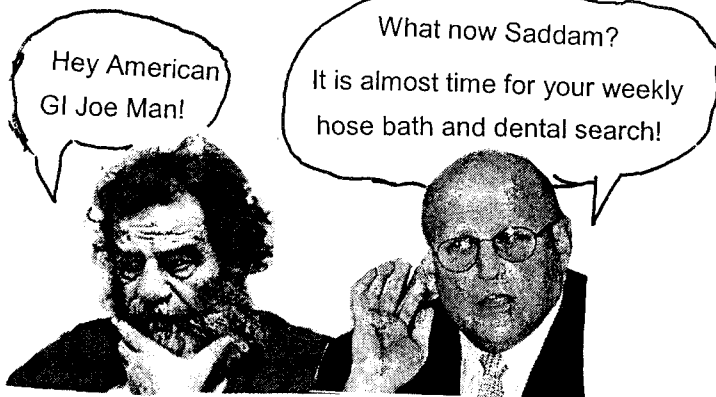
Why, that is quite silly.

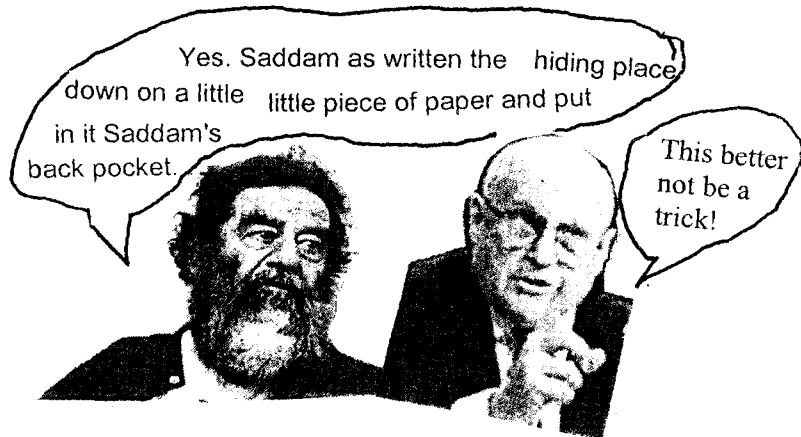
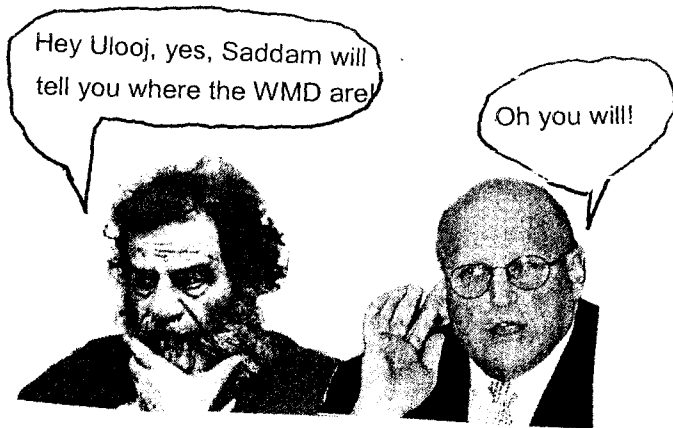


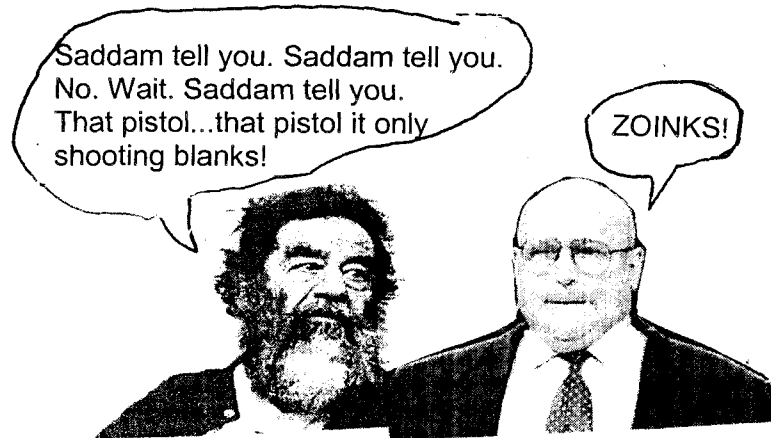
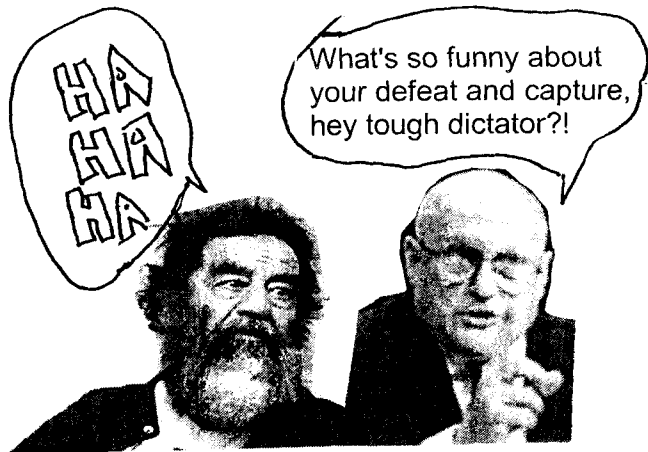
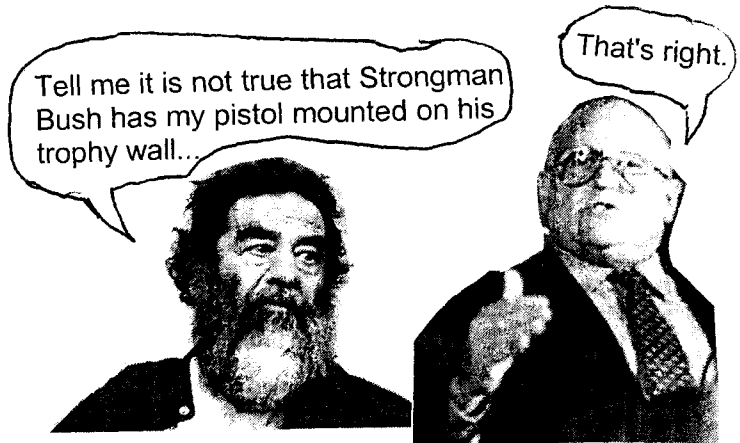
No. No. It is because when he sell us anthrax, VX nerve gas,
West Nile fever germs and botulism, he always ask Saddam.
"Would you like fries with that?"

ZOINKS!









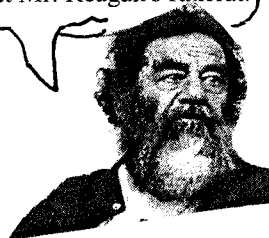
Saddam is worried,
my hairless captor,
very concerned.



What do you have possibly
to be worried about?
You're trial is months away...



Saddam is not worried
about Saddam. Saddam is
worried about Mr. Reagan's funeral.



Oh don't you worry about that.
We have our best men on it. Top men.

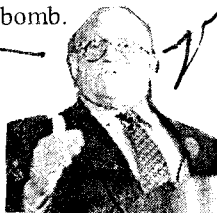


Maybe Saddam hears tell of a possible bomb.

Have you heard whispers
of a terrorist plot, then,
to disrupt the funeral?!



Still....Saddam worries.
Saddam would hate to
see Mr. Reagan exploded
in a bomb.



A BOMB?

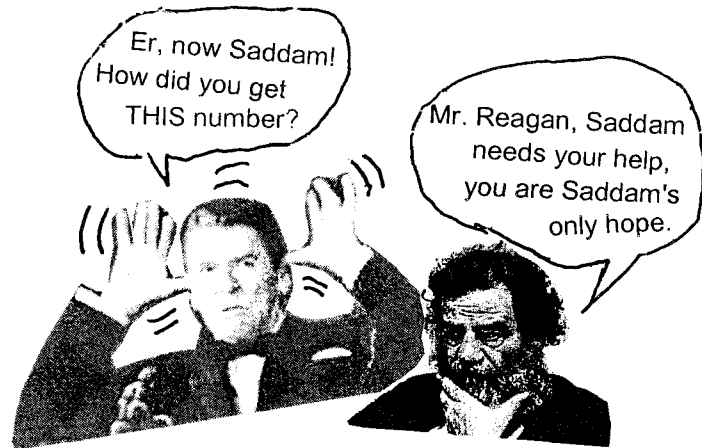
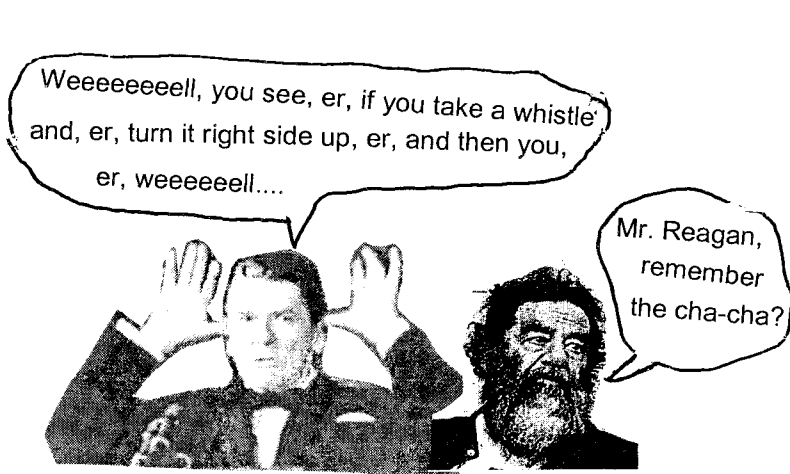
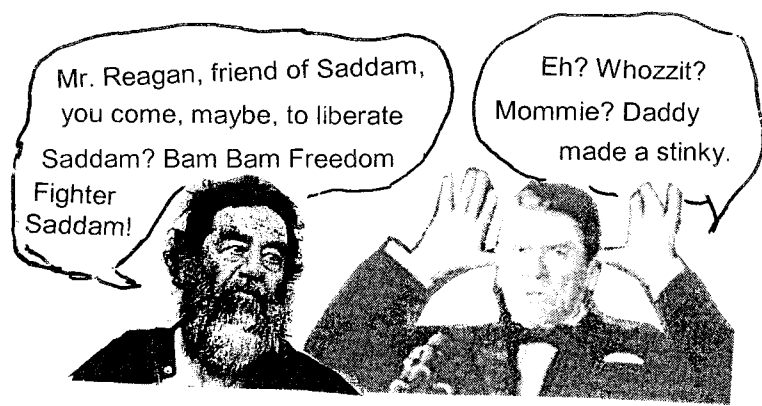


Yes, many bombs to be placed
on Mr. Reagan's coffin. The
terrorists, they call it
Operation Blow Reagan To Bits!



ZOINKS!





1

Weeeeeell, er, um, Saddam!
Hello there, old communist
hating chum of mine!
What can I, um, sell you today?

They keep asking Saddam where
the weapons are, Mr. Reagan. But
there are no more weapons, Mr. Reagan!



Weeeeeell, now, er, Saddam.
That is, um, er, an easy one!
Just, er, tell them that
you **don't** recall.

ZOINKS!



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